

C 108. 66-64.

S O N G S

I N T H E

N E W F A R C E

O F

Too Civil by Halt,

As performed, with universal Applause, at the

Theatre-Royal, *Drury-Lane.*

B Y

The AUTHOR of the CANDIDATE.

22/2
521



SONGS, &c.

AIR I,

By Miss PHILLIPS.

INDEED, Mamma, you're wond'rous kind,
So gallant a Husband to find;
No Fop with a fine Head of Hair,
Such Creatures I never could bear.
With Simper and Sigh,
They'll lend you an Eye,
Then tell you they'll die,
But wish you good bye.

The Swain that I'd chuse, I must own,
Were I all the smart Fellows shown,
Is manly and bold—but in Love,
As meek as a Child, or a Dove.
If once they but woo,
(Indeed, Ma', its true,)
Their Love they pursue,
Nor bid you Adieu.

Exeunt.

A I R II.

By BRIDGET.

Oh, London is a charming Place,
 So full of Beaux and Belles,
 You'd be in love with every Face,
 Now this, now that excells.
 Now here, now there,
 And every where,
 Laud how the People gape, and stare.

The Ladies strive to catch the Eye,
 With all that's fine, and rare,
 While all the Men dress just as high,
 And make themselves as fair.
 Now here. now there, &c.

At every Morn, at East or West,
 All Noise, and Bustle reigns,
 And every Evening all are drest,
 So many Nymphs, and Swains.
 Now here, now there, &c.

Exeunt.

AIR

(5)

A I R III.

By Mr. CHAPMAN.

Physicians may talk of our Ills,
And Parsons look wonderous grave,
I hate all their Sermons and pills,
Designed for the Fool and the Knave.

CHORUS.

Let each take his Glafs,
Filled up to the Brim,
And drink the dear Lafs,
Intended for *Him*.

For never did Bacchus of old,
Repent of his quaffing good Wine,
Not Momus (for so we are told,)
At Mirth, or good Humour repine.
Let each take, &c. &c.

Dull Souls the best Liquor decline,
And think they're undone if they taste;
While we, my Boys, live on good Wine,
And think we are damn'd if we waste.
Let each take, &c. &c.

END OF FIRST ACT.

A I R IV.

By Miss PHILLIPS.

I.

In Youth when a Lover, we meet that is tender,
By Fashion and Nature design'd to delight,
Our Heart and our Hands, we are apt to surrender,
And think the dear Charmer we ne'er can requite

II.

When, not long ago, I was woo'd by my Swain,
With Intreaties and Sighs, I ne'er could refuse,
All Resistance to Love, I found was in vain,
And soon, my Heart Freeman, determin'd to chuse.

AIR

(7)

A I R V.

By Miss PHILLIPS.

I.

Sweet, Oh! sweet the Flowers in May,
Sweet the Dew-drop on the Spray,
Yet more than all, if all should meet,
My Freeman's sweetest of the sweet.

II.

In gentle Freeman's face the Rose,
Blended with the Lily grows,
His sporting Eyes that glow with Fire,
Mildest, gentlest Love inspire.

III.

His Lips are of the Roses hue,
Still dropping with the Morning dew,
While breathing and inviting Love,
They softly, gently, sweetly move.

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A I R VI.

By Mr. CHAPMAN.

When order first from Chaos sprung,
Fair England blooming came,
And ancient Bards their Lyres strung,
To found its rising Fame.

CHORUS.

When British Cannons roar,
Against proud France and Spain,
From distant shore to shore,
Great Britain rules the Main.

Health led her sons throughout the Isle,
And round its fertile Land
The Ocean made its subjects smile,
Her Commerce to Command.

CHORUS. When British Cannons, &c.



F I N I S.

